

S O N G,

O R,

The Whigs Hard Hearts ;

With seasonable ADVICE to 'em.

To the Tune of, *O London thou hadst better ha' built new Bordellos.*

YE Whigs and Dissenters, I charge ye attend,
Here is a sad Story as ever was told ;
The River of *Thames* which once was your
Is frozen quite over with Ice bitter cold ; (friend,
And the Fish that abounded,
Tho' they can't well be drowned,
For lack of their Liquor I fear are confounded,
Then leave your Rebellious and damn'd Presbytering,
Or you must take up with *Poor Jack* and *Red-Herring*.

Now had it been frozen with Brimstone and Fire,
The wonder had been much deeper at bottom.
Tho' some do believe that your Sins do require
A Punishment great as ere fell upon *Sodom* !
But then the poor Fish
Had been dress'd to your Dish,
And 'stead of a Plague you had then had your wish.
Pikes, Flounders, together with Gudgeons & Roaches,
Had serv'd to the Luxury of your Debauches.

But (alas!) to Instruct you this Frost now is sent,
As if it would shew you your Consciences harden'd,
And if each Mothers Child make not hast to Repent,
How the Devil d'ye think ye shall ever be Pardon'd !

'Tis a very sad Case
As ever yet was,
That the River should suffer for every Afs !
Poor Thames, thou mai'st curse the foul Lake of *Geneva*,
For whose faults thou dost penance sans hope of Re-
(prieve-a.

This *Thames* (O ye Whigs!) brought ye plenty and pride
So ye harden'd your hearts with your silver and gold;
But if ever ye hope to Redeem Time or Tide,
Hot must your Repentance, your Zeal must grow
Your Hungry Zeal (cold:
For rank Common-Weal

Will hurry ye Head-long all down to the De'il: (abroad
Then melt your hard Hearts, and your Wealth spread
It ever ye hope that your *Thames* shall be Thaw'd.

Make hast and be soon Reconcil'd to the Truth,
Or you may lament it both old men and young :
For, suppose, e'ry Shop should be turn'd to a Booth,
O were it not sad to be told with a Tongue !
Shou'd *Cheapside* advance
Up to *Petti-France*,
And *London's Guild-Hall* up to *Westminster's* Dance,
O what wou'd become of your wealthy brave Chamber
If e'r it were forc'd so far *Westward* to Clamber ?

Cooks Shops with hot Victuals, and Taverns with Wine
Already are seen on the River with plenty,
Which are fill'd ev'ry morning before you can Dine,
By Two's and by Three's, I dare warrant ye Twenty;
Jack, Tom, Will and *Harry*,
Nan, Sue, Dol and *Mary*

Come here to devour Plum-Cake and Canary ;
And if with their Dancing and Wine they be tir'd,
For a Tester a piece there's a Coach to be Hir'd.

Here's Ginger-bread, Small-Coal, & Hot-pudding pies,
With Bread and Cheese, Brandy, and good Ale & Beer.
Besides the Plum-Cakes too, there's large Cakes of Ice,
Enough to invite him that will to come here !

All which does betide
To punish your Pride;
Ye are plagu'd now with Ice cause ye lov'd to back slide,
Methinks it should learn you to alter your station,
For, y'have hitherto built on a slipp'ry Foundation.

Ye Merchants to *Greenland* now leave off your Sailing,
And for your Train Oil your selves never sollicit ;
For here is no fear of your Merchandize failing,
Since the Whales I'm afraid, mean to give us a visit,
Great *Leviathan*
May swim to *England*

To see the worst Monster, a *Presbyterian* !
Was ever a Vengeance so wonderful shown,
That a River so great should be turn'd to a Town.

P6114